



A. B. C. F. M.

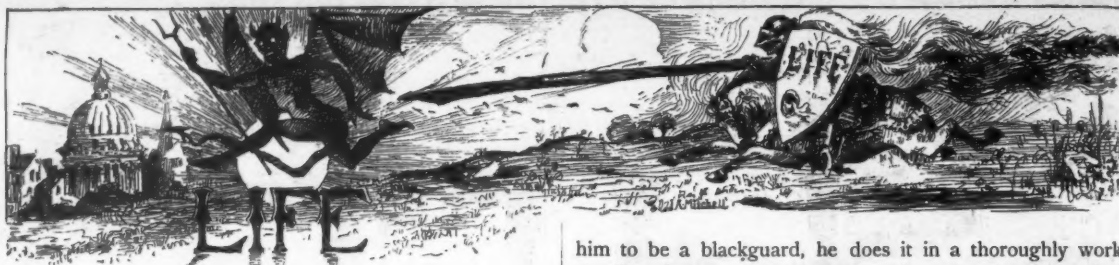
Missionary: HERE YOU SEE THE TORMENTS TO WHICH YOUR ANCESTORS ARE FOR ALL ETERNITY CONDEMNED. HASTEN, THEREFORE, TO EMBRACE THE RELIGION OF CHARITY AND LOVE.

The Heathen: AND WERE OUR ANCESTORS DAMNED FOR NOT BELIEVING THE DOCTRINES OF CHRISTIANITY?

Missionary: OF COURSE.

The Heathen: BUT THEY NEVER HEARD OF THE DOCTRINES OF CHRISTIANITY!

Missionary: PRAY, WHAT HAS THAT TO DO WITH THE QUESTION?



"While there's Life there's Hope."

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Rejected contributions will be destroyed unless accompanied by a stamped and directed envelope.

NOTHING that LIFE has to say this week can find expression ahead of Ex-envoy Sedgwick's vindication. It will be remembered by all who have eyes to read, or ears to hear gossip, that Mr. Sedgwick lately went to Mexico on an errand of a diplomatic nature, and was reported to have mis-conducted himself in a most flagrant manner. The actions imputed to him were narrated in gorgeous detail in all our daily contemporaries, and, for aught we know, were illustrated in our pictorial neighbors with appropriate cuts. To the *Times*, which is believed to have been the first to have printed the stories mentioned, Mr. Sedgwick has sent a bundle of letters signed with almost as many names as one of Mr. George's pledge-rolls, and affirming in a distinct and specific manner the falsity of the stories about him, and the strict propriety of his walk and conversation while in Mexico. Appended to these letters are the names of many eminent persons, presidents, governors, hotel clerks, policemen, and others in authority, together with a long list of plain gentlemen. These gratifying testimonials place it beyond any doubt whatever that Mr. Sedgwick has been grievously lied about, and does not know punch from butter-milk. LIFE has held that opinion all along, and if Mr. Sedgwick can get Mr. George to retire we will be happy to make him our candidate for mayor.

WHAT constitutes a remunerative libel is one of the mysteries that only the lawyers know. But it is a very unfair world if Mr. Sedgwick cannot make some of the narratives about him pay dividends.

DIPLOMACY furnishes another edifying item in the recent correspondence between the proprietor of the *North American Review* and Secretary Bayard's minister to England. It is pleasant now and then when the cudgels are taken up to see them in skilled hands which can lay on whacks with careful emphasis. When Mr. Phelps tells Mr. Rice that he believed him to be a nobody until he discovered

him to be a blackguard, he does it in a thoroughly workmanlike manner, and when Mr. Rice tells Mr. Phelps how gratified the people at home will be to learn that he can read and write, he is not clumsy about it, either.

BUT the gem of the correspondence is our minister's pen-picture of the Prince of Wales: "A Prince whose sense of the proprieties of personal conduct is as exalted as his rank." How Edwin's elbow must have sought Albert Edward's ribs when the two highnesses chuckled over that description. If there is an authority who may be safely trusted to ascertain the mooted point where "taffy" ends and "guff" begins, our Minister to England is that authority.

AND now will Arthur Richmond write another letter?

THE exchange of amenities between the New York *Times* and the *Sun* proceeds with glorious results. Unbiased readers admit that the geography of Alaska is much better understood since the *Sun* began to study it, and the *Times's* poetry has done much to lift contemporary literature in a respectable place.

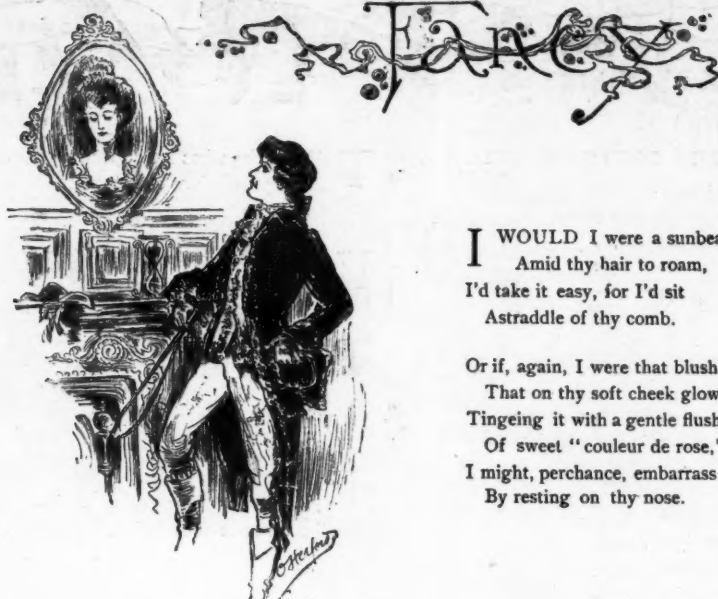
War sharpens the wits by arousing the passions. Anger is eloquent, and we may have an epic to match the *Iliad* before our neighbors' quarrel has had a ten-years' run.

OUR friends of the American Board have had their meeting at Des Moines, and settled about the status of the heathen's ancestors. They have gone to torment. The Board is sorry, no doubt, but facts are facts, and it is mistaken kindness to try to change them.

Let the heathen comfort themselves. Their forefathers will have plenty of good company.

THE *Anchoria* got in, but another steamer will break down presently, and the newspapers will have another chance to print sensational reports and frighten the friends of the passengers. Then will be the time to remember how long the *Anchoria* was at sea without being heard from.

IF it were customary to measure evidence instead of weighing it, we would like to wager that the testimony in the Tracy will case in Buffalo assayed more gallons to the printed page than any on record. The testimony as published in the newspapers has been unusually interesting. It is not too much to say that there is scarcely a dry page in the whole report.



I WOULD I were a sunbeam fit
Amid thy hair to roam,
I'd take it easy, for I'd sit
Astraddle of thy comb.

Or if, again, I were that blush
That on thy soft cheek glows,
Tingeing it with a gentle flush
Of sweet "couleur de rose,"
I might, perchance, embarrass thee
By resting on thy nose.

H. • O.

NO MORE THAN WE EXPECTED.

OUR readers will be surprised to learn that the following somewhat startling statement appeared in the *Borsszen Jankó*, of Budapest, in its issue of the nineteenth Évfolyam.

"Bismarck mondta!"

Franzensbadból szabadon fordította saját különünk.

A leghitelesebb forrásból jelenthetem, hogy Bismarck hg. birodalmi kancellár Franzensbadban időzésekor Giers orosz kancellárral és más magasrangú személyekkel szemben a következő felremagyardzhatatlan kimondásokat tette:

Nine-tenths of our readers will, of course, not be influenced by this one way or the other, but the atrocious spelling in an advertisement of another portion of the same paper, deserves a reprimand.

PETÓFI SÁNDOR ÖSSZES KÖLTEMÉNYEINEK

We are not personally acquainted with the pet of Isandor, but we are a little surprised that his összes should költeményeinek at this season of the year.

"DON'T you think my mustache becoming?" asked young Lallipop of his big sister, the other night.
"You affect a shocking use of auxiliaries lately," she replied; "yes, I think it is coming."

ANXIOUS ABOUT HIS PARENT.

CALL BOY (*to old gentleman in green-room*): Mlle. De Perchong desires me to assure you that she will be down as soon as she recovers from her fatigue and changes her clothes.

OLD GENTLEMAN: Here, hold on; I say, there isn't anything serious the matter with mother, is there?

RECEIVED FROM THE ANCHORIA.

ENGLAND boasts of her bull-dogs and beagle,
Her raven, and starling and sea-gull,
But when it comes to the scratch,
Her *Henn* is no match
For your loud-screaming, much-despised *Eagle*.

Baron Ten-ys-n.

"I PASSED some 'queer,' and here I am in prison, all on counterfeit," he sighed.

A CHANCE FOR THE KNIGHTS.

MR. POWDERLY is having a great convention of the Knights of Labor, at Richmond. The Knights have much to learn, like the rest of the world, and Powderly has a good deal in his head, the diffusion of which might benefit the order. Will Mr. Irons be there? If the Knights could be "exposed" so as to catch some of Powderly's common sense, and also be inoculated with diluted virus from Irons, so as to have his complaint in a mild form and get over it, there would be at least two good strokes of work done at Richmond.



THOUGHTS FROM THE POETS ON AUTUMN.

LOGAN.

BEHOLD congenial autumn comes,
The Sabbath of the year,
Behold the clam is out of style,
The oyster doth appear.

LONGFELLOW.

GONE are the birds that were our summer guests,
Gone the white tile and polka dotted vests,
Gone the pretty flower upon the grassy lawn,
Everything is swallowed up in one relentless Gone.

TENNYSON.

In the fall the gobbling turkey,
'Bout the barnyard proudly struts,
Heedless that November murky
Finds him cooked and stuffed with nuts.

A FASHION item says that dresses will be "full" this year.

The trouble with the opera costumes last year was that they were too full.

WHY is it that many theatrical companies had to walk home this fall? asks a contemporary.
Probably because the cars were tied up by strikers.

ROBERT BUCHANAN is writing a poem on the Charleston earthquake.

It will doubtless be even more shaky than Robert's other poems.

"WELL, I never," remarked Dumley, as he tried to bite through a muffin the other morning at breakfast.
"What is the matter?" inquired the landlady.
"This bread is awful," angrily replied Dumley.
"Well, it's better bred than you are," was the freezing response.

The silence that came over the breakfast table was so deep that it punched a hole in the cellar floor.

THE man who recently patented an umbrella that nobody could steal has just failed.

It was found that nobody would buy that kind, either.

A LITERARY note says that the lady who wrote "In the Gloaming" made three thousand dollars out of it.
If this is true we don't see what induced her to get in it.

THE earthquakes have given Charleston the shake at last. Congratulations are in order.

IT takes two to make a bargain. Yes, it does. The bartender and the customer.

THE President intended to have Geronimo tried by a civil tribunal, but General Miles' terms stand in the way. We are glad of it. Civil service for Geronimo is carrying the joke too far.

THE rumor that Mr. Clinton Scollard is to be sued by the *Tribune* for calling his book of verses "Reed and Lyre" is without foundation.



A STUDY IN BLACK AND WHITE.

THE outcome of the Geronimo matter will probably be the hanging of General Miles and the reduction to the ranks of the Apache chief.

THERE was a terrific riot in a Chicago museum last week.

The management advertised an invisible girl, and the cultured populace of the windy city waxed exceeding wrath because they paid their admission fee and then couldn't see the freak.

THE candidate with a barrel is not the strongest with the German voter.

It is the man with a keg that appeals to them.

THE Philadelphia Daily *News* office is on Chestnut Street. With such a combination of street and city, what wonder is it that our esteemed contemporary's columns completely overshadow ours in the matter of antique jocularity?

George W. Me.



HE KNEW THE LANGUAGE.

Mr. Doubledollar: OH, YES, MINNIE IS VERY ACCOMPLISHED. WHY, SHE SINGS IN FRENCH, ITALIAN AND SPANISH!

Mr. De Smythe: YES, THAT IS VERY NICE; BUT I SHOULD THINK SHE WOULD LEARN SOME OF THOSE PRETTY LITTLE ENGLISH SONGS THAT ARE SO POPULAR NOWADAYS.

Mr. Doubledollar: WHY, THAT'S AN ENGLISH SONG SHE'S SINGIN' NOW.

Mr. De Smythe: INDEED! I THOUGHT IT WAS FRENCH, ITALIAN AND SPANISH.

OUT OF KEY.

I WROTE a poem once, in the hey-day of youth,
And waited joyfully, its printed form to scan;
It is not published yet, and 't is the solemn truth,
That I am now an aged, aged man.

I wrote a little song about the "good, red wine,"
And all the cheer around "the beaker's foaming edge,"
And they kindly printed this drinking song of mine,
Upon the very day I signed the pledge.

I wrote a sonnet, too, 't was full of wild despair,
Of blighted hope, and love and joy that flew away,
And other dismal things, — I could have torn my hair,
To see it published on my wedding day!

I wrote once of how sweet it was to live — to be,
Upon this smiling earth, that blesses far and wide,
And after many years, they sent the proof to me,
When I was thinking some, of suicide!

I wrote some giddy lines (I hate to own it here),
That ended in "tra-la" and "how is that for high?"
And 't will be just my luck to have that thing appear
As an obituary, when I die! *Bessie Chandler.*

A GREAT DIFFERENCE.

IRATE PERSON: See here; did you call me an "old
celibate" in your paper yesterday?

EDITOR: No; I called you "an old reprobate."

IRATE PERSON: Oh, that's very different.



OLLA PODRIDA.

IN the opening chapters of "The Confessions of Claud," which Mr. Edgar Fawcett has published in the *Sunday Tribune*, he has shown a keen appreciation of the pathos and tragedy which may be in poverty for a sensitive nature. Away from the inanities of society Mr. Fawcett seems to grasp something of the depth and passion which are the essence of living. When he turns his marked power of analysis from furniture and clothes to human nature, he redeems himself from those faults of his which have been so often ridiculed. At best he is diffuse, but he has something to say, and he says it neatly and often effectively. The opening chapters of "An Ambitious Woman" possessed this same quality of sincerity and deep feeling, and are the best work which the writer has done. It is to be hoped that *Claud* will fulfil the promise of his youth. The elements are in him for a really strong and dramatic character.

IT was a happy idea for Edward T. Mason to collect in three compact and attractive volumes "Humorous Masterpieces from American Literature" (Putnam's.) They are not made up of current newspaper humor, which is too often merely horse-play or eccentric mannerisms. But here are humorous gems from Irving, Hawthorne, Holmes and Lowell, of the elder race of American writers; from Trowbridge, Warner, Aldrich and Clemens of those who are still

doing good work, though no longer among the boys; and from Bunner, Roche, Munkittrick and Matthews, who are bright among the rising constellations.

It is a compilation to make one proud of American humor, because it is clean and pure, good-natured and true, and full of human kindness.

THERE should be several thousand young people from six—well, to sixty, who would be glad to read George Parsons Lathrop's marvelous tale of how *Little Penn* fell asleep in the case of the old clock in the hallway, and was taken on most surprising adventures by the little red-faced moon which climbed down from its perch for that express purpose; and how he visited the Land of Broken Toys, and followed the echo without a voice, and found the great giant, *Bunglebogus*, who carried thunder in his hat.

It is a really beautiful fairy story and is called "Behind Time" (Cassell's). Mr. O. Herford has illustrated it with a number of his delightful sketches of child life.

P. DEMING, of whose "Adirondack Tales" we recently spoke, is a man between fifty and sixty years of age, a stenographer and department clerk at Albany, and considerable of a recluse. He has few of the characteristics of a literary man.

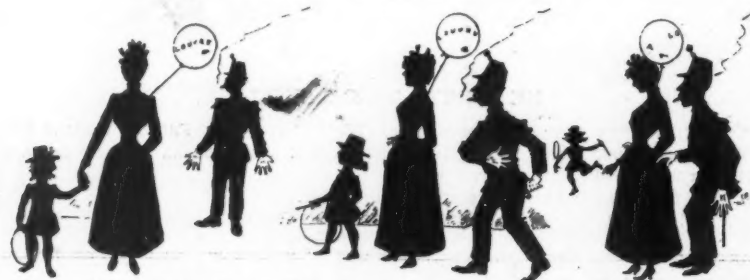
Drock.

· NEW BOOKS ·

DOLLARS OR SENSE. A Tale of Every-Day Life in England and America. By Arthur Louis. New York: Brentano Brothers.
Humorous Masterpieces from American Literature. Edited by Edward T. Mason. Three volumes. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.
Watch and Ward. By Henry James, Jr. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

THE CORPORAL'S FLAME.

LA CARICATURE.



He perceives a most attractive person.

There is certainly nothing to fear from the little one.

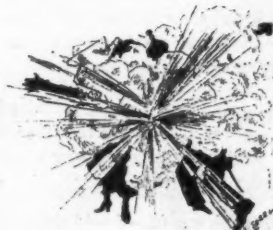
So he makes a brilliant attack.



The enemy surrenders at once.



And even shows signs of a lively sympathy.



His cigar, however, comes in contact with the balloon and puts an end to the campaign.

THE WIGGLE-WAGGLE WAIL

OF A VERY SICK MAN.

THE world, I think, has lost its wag —
It now can only wiggle.

For I am sorely sick of it ;
Its men, its maids, its other chit —
Of all — but more of wondering —
So many, many times a day —
Which is work and which is play ?

I'm sick of dusty marts of trade —
I'm sick of sylvan walks of shade ;
I'm sick of love and sick of hate ;
Sick of hunger — sick of sate.

Whether Nature smile or frown
'Neath her skies of blue or brown,
In one garment she's arrayed :
Old, misfitting, faded, frayed.

Answer — is there little worth ?
Answer — not with tears — or mirth,
Answer without hag or higgie :
Does she wag, or does she wiggle ?

B. Zim.

EX-PRESIDENT HAYES' favorite tune is the
"Lay of the Hen."

LITERARY NOTE.

"NOTHING but Leaves" is the name of a
popular revival hymn, but it would form
a good title for a modern novel.

A CONTEMPORARY says that a brisk busi-
ness is done by tailors in letting out dress
suits. The tendency to corpulence among diners-
out must be on the increase.

PERHAPS SO.

GOSSIP: Pretty bad story that, about Jones. I
hear he's got two wives living.

CHAWLES: Has he? By Jove, that's what
he meant, then, when he used to say his family
dated from the Mormon Conquest!

A PROPOSED REVISION.

A CORRESPONDENT suggests that in view of the
unusual number of questionable characters from the
British Islands that have recently landed on our shores, the
old line

"England's morning drum beats round the world"
should be changed to read:

"England's mourning beats drum round the world."

ALWAYS IN TROUBLE..

"THERE seems to be always trouble among our mili-
tary men," said Mrs. De Benson Browne. "Only
the other day I read that the 739th Regt., N. Y. S. M., had
turned out six hundred men, and now I find that the 842d
has been dismissed. They must fight, even in time of peace."



THE CH-STN-T BELL.

Miss Clara (who has just rejected young Simpkins): I AM SORRY, MR.
SIMPKINS. I CANNOT BE YOUR WIFE, BUT I WILL BE A SISTER TO YOU.

Young Simpkins (sadly and unconsciously): TING! TING!

STUDENTS OF HUMAN NATURE.

TWO pickpockets saw a gentleman receive a large sum
at the bank, and followed him, for some time, to get a
chance at it. Finally the watched turned into a lawyer's
office, and one of the watchers said: "That settles it. He's
gone. Come along."

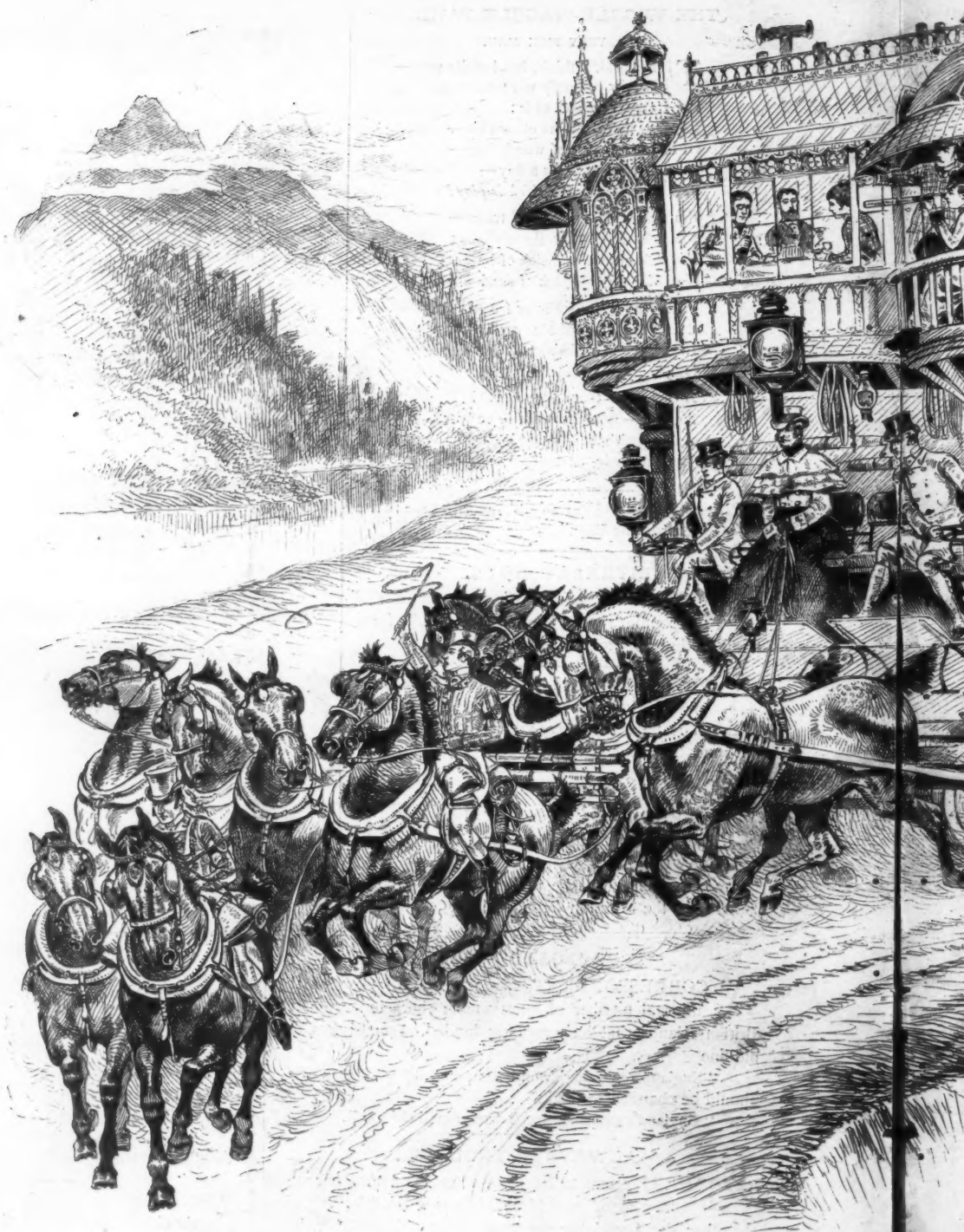
"No! no!" said the other. "Wait till the lawyer comes
out. We'll tackle him."

A SIGNAL triumph—The weather service.

FIRST STUDENT: It's very singular De Paradigm
shouldn't have passed that examination. He's a ripe
scholar.

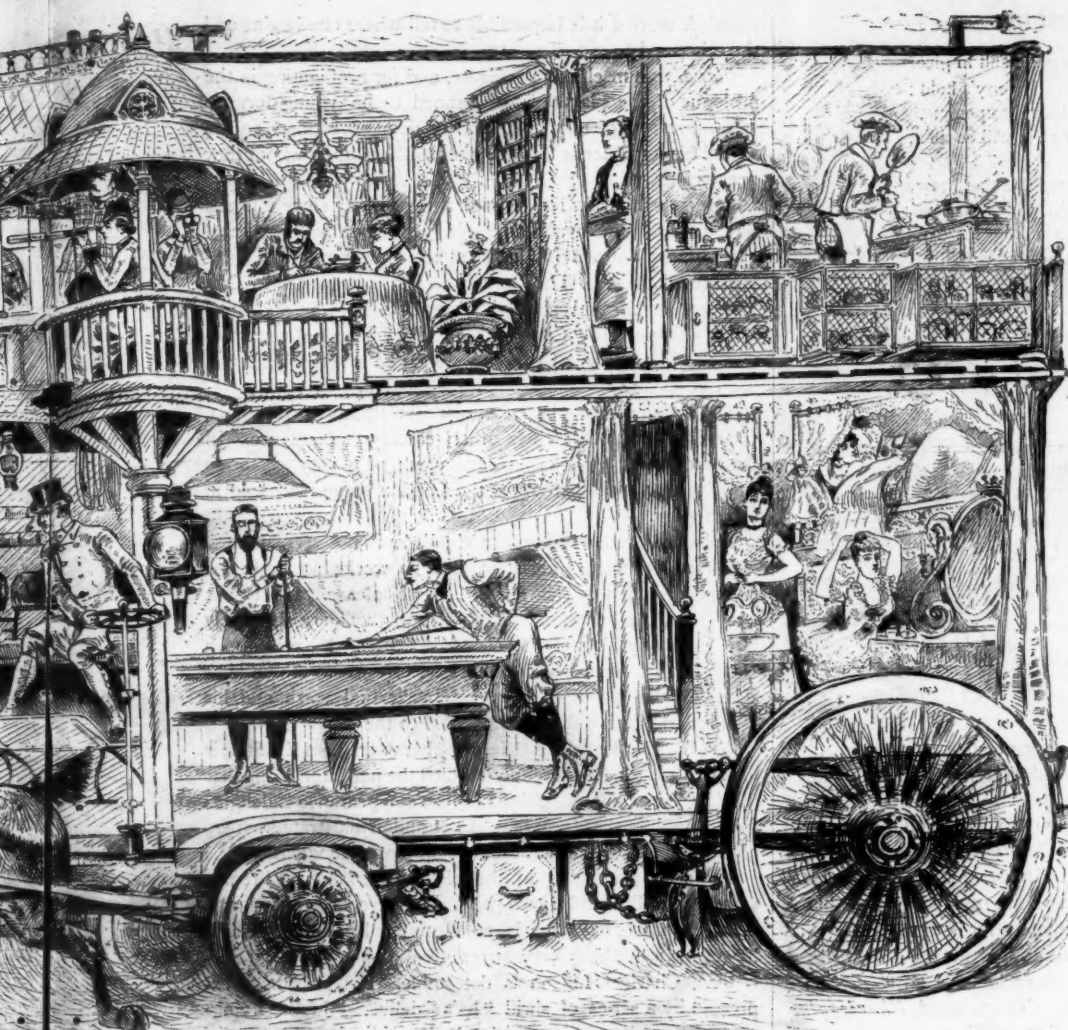
SECOND STUDENT: Ah, that's why he was plucked!

LIFE



NOT PATENT

LIFE OFFERS ITS READERS THE FR



— THE PERFECT VEHICLE FOR A TRIP THROUGH THE MOUNTAINS. —

CHapel, OBSERVATORY, DINING-ROOM, LIBRARY, BILLIARD-ROOM, LADIES BEDROOM,
KITCHEN, &c &c ALL COMBINED IN ONE FAST TRAVELLING AND PERFECTLY SAFE COACH.

PATENTED.

AS TO THE FREE USE OF THIS IDEA.

HOPELESSNESS.

SEE her laughing in pride and in glee,
While I struggle in Poverty's hold ;
She will ne'er waste a thought upon me,
And my love for her ne'er will be told ;

Care for me ne'er will wrinkle that brow ;
Grief for me ne'er will sadden that eye ;
But she'll smile as she's smiling there now,
When I sink broken-hearted to die.

And in caverns of gloom evermore,
My poor heart will despairingly grope ;
I'm a clerk in a grocery store —
She's a chromo with somebody's soap.

L. L. H.



CLAUDIAN is one of the ever popular tragic gentlemen who speak in a dull, sepulchral voice, and who utter truisms in a pleasantly involved way, so that those who hear them may think them extremely deep and erudite. No one could ever imagine men like *Claudian* in any situation but that of appalling tragedy, and I must confess that a mortal who positively insists upon translating everything into blank verse has but little of human interest for me.

I am convinced that if *Claudian* had invited *Phariogalus* to take a drink he would have exclaimed: "Let us hence where the crystal liquid flows. There, good *Phariogalus*, will we refresh our inner men," or words to that effect. I should at once decline such an invitation as superfluously verbose. When *Almida* follows *Claudian* through the world it would have been but mere courtesy for him to have offered her a box of *bon-bons*. There is not the least evidence to show that he did so. If he made the offer it would have been couched in such terms as "Toy with these baubles, sweet *Almida*; frolic with these toothsome morsels," and who could enjoy sweets thus tendered?

It's no use — I cannot understand tragedy. I don't believe I have a ha'porth of soul, and it's an awful thing to feel thus devoid.

"*Claudian*" is the work of Henry Herman and W. G. Wills. Herman is responsible for the plot, story and construction, which is admirable; Wills claims credit for the dialogue, which is not worth claiming credit for. In this dialogue are antiquities from Shakespeare, the Bible, Cicero, Dr. Talmage and Ingersoll. These gentlemen are extremely

blended, so that it is impossible to tell where one begins and the other ends.

Claudian himself is a profligate, and for profligating in the prologue of the play he is condemned to be young forever, without resorting to hair restorers or debility rectifiers, and to see all his good deeds being curses to those upon whom they are performed.

Of course all this has been stage property since Eugene Sue created the wandering old gentleman whose lineal descendants flourish in Baxter street, New York, and Petticoat lane, London. The story, however, is interesting. Mr. Herman has done his share of the work admirably, and some of the situations of "*Claudian*" are masterpieces of construction. The working of the curse is most artistically shown, without leaving anything to the imagination.

The action of the play takes place in Byzantium, Bythnia, Charydos, and other cities of an equally B. C. nature. In the second act there is an earthquake of a very elaborate description, which introduces the London stage mechanic in all his glory.

Wilson Barrett as *Claudian Andiates* is not very interesting from a human standpoint, but he works so hard and means so well that he never fails to please. He is not handsome, but he is graceful, and his methods are absolutely free from anything of the clap-trap order. I have known London girls to rave about Wilson Barrett, and pride themselves on the fact that it was his intellectual worth, and his intellectual worth only, that appealed to them.

As *Almida*, the principal female character, Miss Eastlake is charming. She has carefully studied the part, and is familiar with its every phase. Miss Eastlake's appearance is delightful. She has the face that the London illustrated papers affect, and the figure that the fashion-plates exaggerate.

The other characters in the play were fairly well represented. J. H. Clynds, as *Agasil*, is very conscientious, and George Barrett, as *Belos*, is as funny as he can be, which, however, is nothing very superlative. As the wicked *Tetrarch*, Charles Hudson is detestable. His passion is expressed by a series of shrill "ha's" delivered in the Irvingesque manner, and his whole style is a ridiculous travesty of the Lyceum actor. The scenery in "*Claudian*" is particularly good.

Alan Dale.

"WOMAN," says Ouida, "is the enemy of freedom."

Naturally. Dumbness and woman do not combine.

WHEN a man's nose is "as red as a beet," he usually is one.

HE WAS A STRANGER.

"DO you put an 'e' in whisky here?" asked a new reporter of a Kentucky paper.

"No," replied the editor, who was slightly deaf; "we put nothing in whisky here. We take it straight."

Wm. H. Siviter.

RESULT OF A MATHEMATICAL EDUCATION.

SCENE: Young man and friend in a comfortable room.

SYMPATHETIC VISITOR: Good quarters, these, old fellow; you ought to be satisfied with them.

REPENTANT BACHELOR: Yes, I'm satisfied now with my quarters. They are good enough. What I want is a better half.

SCENE in Mrs. Newlyrich's library:

VISITOR (*exploring bookcase*): Have you read your "Bunyan's Progress?"

MRS. NEWLYRICH: Land sake! have they got my feet into the papers?

THE FALL NUT CROP.

IT is hoped that the excavating operations at the base of the Sphinx will reveal additional hieroglyphics.—*Foreign Item.*

Fifty-seven circus clowns have already arrived at the scene of operations. Much enthusiasm prevails.

"WHY don't the newspaper men of the country step to the front?" asks one exchange. Well, if you really must know, it is because the bald-headed men have monopolized the front seats.



UNAPPRECIATIVE.

Scandalized Old Lady: WELL, I NEVER! FASHIONABLE DRESSES ARE SO EXPENSIVE NOW—ADAYS THEY DON'T BUY ENOUGH TO COVER THEIR UNDERCLOTHING!

HOW TO MAKE IT PLEASANT FOR AN EVENING PARTY.

WHEN the guests arrive leave the room. It is somewhat embarrassing to talk about the ill-breeding and priggishness of the host while the host is present.

Introduce a Japanese juggler, a puppet show and some trick dogs. Society people are fond of novelty and like to be amused.

Leave the escritoire open, containing your private correspondence, but lock the piano and hide the key.

Provide comfortable lounges and cosy chairs, so the ladies can quietly doze or admire the frescoes on the ceiling, after puckering their tongues with the latest bit of scandal.

Serve refreshments early. Immediately afterward let the gentlemen adjourn to the smoking-room and stay there until it is time to go home.

"Prize mottoes" are an interesting novelty. Each fifth one should contain a double-eagle or a twenty-dollar bill.

Send the guests home in a private livery, after presenting the ladies with a piece of old china and the gentlemen each with a box of cigars and a scarf-pin. *H. V. S.*

UNANIMOUS.

SADLY the poet sighed. He shook his head
Over his oft-rejected ode, and said—
"Poor verses!"
Was it not strange that he should coincide
With scornful editors? They, too, had cried—
"Poor verses!" *M. E. W.*

AN ADVANTAGEOUS TRANSACTION.

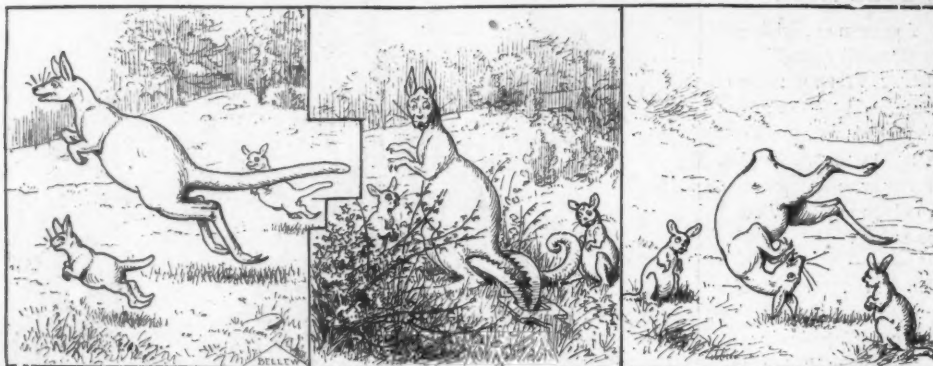
SHARPLEY: Old fellow, you've been taken in. Do you know why Skinner borrowed all that money of you?

GREEN: No.

SHARPLEY: Because he was so hard up that he had to borrow in order to pay creditors who've waited for years.

GREEN: Oh, that's all right, then. I'm the largest of 'em.

THE TALE OF A KANGAROO.



No. 1.—A free and fearless Kangaroo bounds proudly over his wide domain.

No. 2.—He gets his tail in a wild-cat trap and leaves something of considerable value behind him.

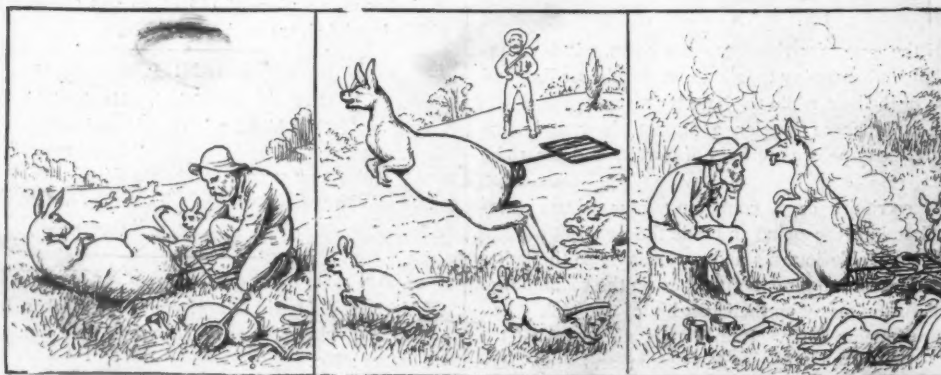
No. 3.—Essaying to bound as of yore, he finds he has lost his ballast.



No. 4.—He cannot understand what on earth is the matter, and in trying to find out

No. 5.—He discovers that he has no proper prop and comes to grief again.

No. 6.—A wandering shepherd finds him and takes in the situation at once.



No. 7.—A bright idea strikes the shepherd: he will supply the poor creature with artificial ballast.

No. 8.—Again, like a free and fearless Kangaroo, he bounds over hill and plain,

No. 9.—And don't they just have nice social and culinary times together!



ANOTHER HUMAN FREAK.

BUSINESS MAN: Been off again, eh? **DIME MUSEUM MAN:** Yes. I am nearly driven to death trying to get attractions; never saw such a scarcity of freaks.
"Well, I heard the other day of a man in Dakota who walked seventy-five miles to pay a bill."—*Omaha World*.

THE EDITOR.

THIS concerning a brother of the paste pot and shears, the episode having occurred in the editorial sanctum:

EDITOR (*tapping bell violently*): Where's that boy?
Enter office boy, who stands a full minute at the editor's elbow waiting orders. Then at length: Here I am, Mr. Blank.

EDITOR (*without taking his eyes from his manuscript*): Well, what do you want?—*Boston Record*.

CHICAGO MAN: Suppose you saw all there was to be seen in Rome, Charley?

RETURNED EUROPEAN TRAVELER: Oh, yes; went all around. I tell you you ought to visit the amphitheatre there. It's grand.

CHICAGO MAN: What kind of a show were they giving there when you went, Charley?—*Tid-Bits*.

FRED, three years old, and his baby sister were to have a drink of water. Fred reached for the glass, saying: "Et me have it firss," but mamma said, "No, little girls always first." Sir Fred replied, "No! gen'lemen firss. They're just as sirsy as girls!"—*Ex*.

A WARRIOR BOLD.

PITON, late private in the Marines, who has recently returned from Tonquin with a wooden leg, called the other day on his friend Guibolard, who exclaimed with his wonted fervor: "Brave warrior, thanks to you, France has now one foot in the remote East..." "Right you are," replied Piton, "Twas I who left it there!"—*Vie Parisienne*.

PRECAUTIONS AGAINST FIRE.

NERVOUS OLD LADY (*on seventh floor of hotel*): Do you know what precautions the proprietor of the hotel has taken against fire?

PORTER: Yis, mum. He has the place inshoored for twice wot it's worth.—*Ex*.

WHEN the Tenth Regiment, U. S. Infantry, was ordered to New Mexico from the "Lake Region," the little son of a captain did not approve of the orders of the general of the army, and indeed seriously objected to the change. He had heard much of the dreariness of the wild West, and the Sunday morning before the departure of his father's company said to his parents: "Come, now, let us go to church and say good-bye to God."—*Babyhood*.

ANOTHER child at a boarding house, who had made friends with children of a family who were about to leave, saw with disappointment the advent of a gentleman and wife without children. She anxiously asked mother concerning them: "Why is it, mamma, that Mr. and Mrs. Blank have no little children? Are they bachelors?"—*Babyhood*.

FIRST LITTLE KING: What's the matter in Bulgaria?

SECOND LITTLE KING: Prince Alexander has been deposed.

"Was he given any warning?"

"No."

"Not even a week's notice?"

"No, just kicked out."

"Well, I think it's time us kings had a trades union."—*Omaha World*.

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Was there to say:

"I've seen a far worse flood than that."
—*Tid-Bits*.

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NAT and Charlie had never seen a snake before, and this morning they came running into the house, very much excited. "O mamma! mamma!" cried Nat, "there's a tail running along out in the garden, wifout anysin' on it!"—*Youth's Companion*.

JULES VERNE is writing a short story, the scene of which is laid in Philadelphia. Somehow Jules always hits upon some out-of-the-way place as a stage for his actors.—*New Haven News*.

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